

AMERICAN  
**JUNIOR RED CROSS**  
**NEWS**



(Mina Herron  
1941)

**September 1941**



### BOLIVIAN INDIANS

An etching by Amy Drucker

The Andes run through Bolivia, and in the early days of the country's history, the Incas lived in the grassy uplands. They were a pastoral people, and their flocks, the llama and alpaca, needed the cool mountain regions. Therefore wonderful ancient ruins are found in the moun-

tains, at places like Cuzco and Tiahuanaco, which were the capitals of Inca civilization. Today the descendants of the Incas inhabit the same places, for the same reasons. They, too, are dependent on the llama and the alpaca for their needs.

# American Junior Red Cross NEWS

September • 1941

## Part I

### Fisherman's Folly

LAVINIA R. DAVIS

Illustrations by Armstrong Sperry

THE MORNING was hot and still. When Ned Blaine got down to the old boathouse even the river seemed breathlessly quiet. As Ned untied the painter of his heavy, flat-bottomed rowboat, his small fox terrier splintered the silence with frantic barks.

Ned grinned as he got his oars and oarlocks out of the community boathouse. Dipper was as pleased over going crabbing as he would have been over a good juicy bone.

As Ned pushed his long-handled net under the seat, he saw Captain Frank Van Buren, or Cap'n Van, as he was called by all the boys in Oceanport, just straightening up out of the cockpit of his sloop.

"Hi, Ned," Cap'n Van said. "Going rowin'?"

"Going crabbing," Ned shouted, trying to make himself heard above Dipper's barking.

The Cap'n eased his long body out of the sloop and into his dinghy. "Funny weather we've been havin' lately," he said as he poled himself over to the dock. "All sorts of fish runnin'. They've even seen shark as far up as the Cove."

Ned hitched himself back from the boat onto the wharf and took Dipper on his lap to keep him quiet. Whenever Cap'n Van talked about fishing, it was worth listening, and when he talked about sharks, it was news!

"They've seen sharks?" he said. "Way up at the Cove?"

The Cap'n nodded his wind-burned old face gravely. "Seen 'em myself," he said solemnly. "Two nasty lookin' fellers. Must have been mighty hungry, comin' up all that way."

Ned looked up the river. The Cove was at least two miles from the reef where you turned out of the river and into the bay that led to the open sea. The fishermen who went deep-sea fishing brought in word of sharks now and again, and once Ned's father had caught a small one in the bay, but sharks in the Shrewsbury River itself were unheard of.

The Cap'n hitched up his dungarees and turned back to his boat. "Goin' off for a morning's fishin' outside the bay," he said. "Want to come?"

Ned jumped up so quickly that Dipper dropped down on all fours on the dock. "Want to come? Oh boy!" The next second Dipper's barking sounded all the way from the dock to the bridge down at Oceanport.

Ned stared down at his dog. The little terrier rushed along the old gray dock between Ned and his rowboat in a frenzy of excitement. He barked at Ned and then scuttled toward the boat, skidding short on all four legs when he came to the edge of the dock. He was asking to be lifted into the rowboat. Ned lifted him up and then he turned and looked at the Cap'n. "Could I take him along?"

The Cap'n shook his head. "I got my old tomcat on board and I don't plan to be referee to no cat 'n' dog fight. I want to catch fish."

Ned looked at the Cap'n and then at Dipper. Dipper licked his face enthusiastically, but that didn't make Ned feel any better. The Cap'n, already boarding the *Sea Bell*, shouted back to Ned, "Just lock your pooch up in the boathouse. Nobody'll steal him."

Ned shook his head very, very slowly. Dipper wouldn't be shut up. At least, not so far away from home as the village boathouse. He had tried it a year ago when Dipper was just a puppy. Dipper had jumped out of a broken window and swum halfway across the river to find Ned. Ned had just happened to be rowing slowly downstream when he saw the little black and white head above the surface of the water. He had yanked the little dog out just in time. For several minutes the puppy hadn't been able to do more than lie at the bottom of the boat, panting and looking at Ned with big, grateful eyes.

Since then Ned had tried shutting him up and even tying him, but it wasn't any use. Somebody always untied Dipper and he dashed out, or else he just slowly chewed his way through whatever rope had held him. And as soon as Dipper was free, he plunged headlong into the river, confident that Ned would not be far away.

"Well, are you coming?" The Cap'n's voice was quick with impatience. "Shut up your pup and hurry."

"Can't," Ned said slowly, and his voice sounded gruff

in his own ears. "My dog always gets out, and jumps into the water to follow. That's why I call him Dipper."

The Cap'n laid his fishing rods down in the bottom of the dory and started rowing out to the sloop. "No accountin' for tastes," he said. "Most kids 'round Oceanport's mighty glad to go out with the old Cap'n."

"It isn't that." The red flooded into Ned's face. "It really isn't that. It's just this crazy pup."

The Cap'n shrugged his lean old shoulders and boarded the sloop. He started to say something, but just then Dipper caught sight of the *Sea Bell's* cat and barked so that Ned couldn't hear a word!

"Aw, go on with you!" Ned's voice was cross, but his hands were gentle as he lifted the little dog into the stern of the rowboat. Dipper subsided instantly. He lay quite still on the stern seat, his stump of a tail wagging, and his eyes on Ned.

Ned rowed hard out into the river and then downstream as far as a point of rocks and crumbling timber known as the Old Jetty. He heard Cap'n Van turn over the engine of the *Sea Bell's* kicker and in another moment she began put-putting upstream toward Stanley's wharf. "Going to get gas, probably," Ned thought, and waved his hand at the Captain. But the Captain didn't seem to see Ned and put-putted upstream without so much as a wave.

Dipper inched forward on his stomach and laid his head on Ned's feet. "You're a silly dog," Ned said sternly, but Dipper just wagged and wiggled with love.

He should have left Dipper, probably. Any other boy in Oceanport would have given a summer's vacation to go deep-sea fishing with Cap'n Van. But he couldn't. Not when Dipper was so small, and so silly, and looked up at him with such trusting eyes.

Ned reached the jetty and shipped his oars. He saw a big

"Going fishin' outside the bay," the Cap'n called to Ned. "Want to come?"



blue claw clinging to the side of one of the old posts, reached for his net, and scooped with a quick, expert stroke. The next instant the big crab was traveling sideways up and down the bottom of the boat.

Dipper shot back yelping to the stern seat. Ned picked up the crab by one back feeler and dropped him into a big burlap bag. So far so good. The first catch was always the most important. There seemed to be plenty of crabs. The morning would really have started very well indeed, if all the time in the back of Ned's mind he hadn't had the thought that he could have been fishing, real deep-sea fishing, with Cap'n Van.

Ned poled himself around the edge of the jetty. It was very quiet. Even Dipper was still, and there was only the gentle lap-lapping of the water against the old jetty. Ned picked up two medium-sized crabs and another big blue-claw. He saw a few floating hunks of seaweed and just beyond them another blue-claw with a shedder beneath it.

Ned netted them both with one scoop, dropped the blue-claw into the bag with the others, and put the shedder into a cardboard box. Shedders, as the boys around Oceanport called the crabs that had just lost the shell, brought twice as much as the hard shells. As Ned put the box back under his seat, he noticed Dipper.

Dipper had been sitting in the stern seat, but he could never stay in one place for long. He looked steadily down into the water, and, when a particularly tempting piece of seaweed floated past, Dipper just naturally dropped in after it.

"Come here, Dip," Ned called, but the little dog paddled just out of reach. Ned kicked off his sneakers. If he really wanted to catch Dipper, there was only one way to do it, and that was to go overboard after him.

Ned dove in, caught up with the little dog, lifted him into the boat, and clambered in after him. "You stay there, now," he said severely, and fastened the boat's painter around Dipper's collar.

Dipper put his head between his black paws and looked pathetic, but Ned didn't even notice him. He was busy fastening a smelly mackerel head to a long piece of string. He had had good luck just scooping crabs, but from now on he would have to depend on their coming up for his bait.

He tossed the fish head overboard and got



He should have left the dog behind, probably

a nibble almost at once. He maneuvered the crab as close to the surface as he dared, and then scooped skillfully underneath it. He caught three good ones this way and had just dropped the last one into the burlap when he caught a glimpse of something white and smooth deep in the water. As the glimmering whiteness disappeared into deep water his breath caught in his throat. Sharks! No other fish in these parts was that size, and no other swam with its white, gleaming belly uppermost.

Staring over the port side of his boat until his eyes hurt, Ned saw nothing, but suddenly the baited string jerked out of his hand. He grabbed after it, but it was gone, right over the side of the boat and down into the dark water where he couldn't see.

Ned shipped his net and picked up his oars. He'd better crab off Stanley's wharf or off the public dock or some other place. As he gave his first pull on the oars, he saw that Dipper was loose again.

Dipper's collar was big anyway, and with his hair all wet and sleek it pulled easily over his head. The little dog stood with his front paws on the gunwale of the boat. "Down, boy!" Ned shouted, but it was too late.

Dipper had caught sight of a stick floating temptingly near the surface. His body hit the water just as Ned shouted!

For an instant Ned didn't know what to do. He called wildly, "Here, Dip! Come here, Dipper! Quick, boy!"

As far as Dipper was concerned, it was just part of the old game, and he waited for Ned to jump in after him. Ned reached for him with the crab net, but it was too light to hold a full-sized terrier. Besides, Dipper paddled just out of reach, his little black and white head perkily above water and his small paws working like mad.

Ned shouted once more, and then he saw that vague threatening glimmer of white for the second time. It was at the stern of the boat, well away from Dipper, but at any moment it might double back to the other side. Ned called through a stiff throat, but Dipper only paddled further away.

For a second, Ned was nearly panicked. He tried rowing after Dipper, but, as far as the dog was concerned, that too was all part of the game. As Dipper understood the rules, he was only really supposed to come if Ned went in after him.

For one terrible moment Ned fought with himself. The whiteness was no longer in sight. The water, except for the growing circles around Dipper, was perfectly still. Perhaps he could catch Dipper. Perhaps, if he rowed after him until the little dog was exhausted, he could pick him up. But in his heart Ned knew that wouldn't do. Dipper could keep it up until it was too late. Ned took a long, shaky breath, and the next second he dove overboard.

He raced the short distance to Dipper, then hurled the terrier bodily into the boat. He turned at the same instant and kicked and writhed his way back over the gunwale. He had just flopped breathlessly on the floor boards when he heard the sound of a motor. The next second he saw the *Sea Bell*. Then Cap'n Van turned off the motor and floated close to Ned. "Whatever bit you?" he asked. "I saw you jump as I came up alongside the

jetty, and then I saw you throw that mutt into the boat and follow like your life depended on it."

Ned got out the one word, "Sharks!" He didn't need to say anything more than that. Cap'n Van lifted his head like an old war horse sniffing gunpowder. "You don't say so?" he said. "Round the jetty?"

He anchored the *Sea Bell* in jig time and in another minute he pulled up his dinghy beside Ned. "Where?" he got out. "Where'd you see 'em?"

Ned pointed to the dark surface of the water, and once more he saw the evil whiteness looming upward. "There!" Ned gasped, and then for the first time he saw what it really was. It wasn't a shark at all. It was an old waterlogged piece of piling, white and silvery with age, that had probably broken loose from the bulkhead behind the jetty.

"Good night!" Ned gave a sickly grin. "Did I ever get fooled!"

But Cap'n Van didn't seem to think it funny at all. He watched the log as it moved with some unseen submarine current of the water. "Don't blame you," he said slowly, "don't blame you at all. That could be a shark's belly easy as not."

Ned gave a little shiver of relief, and Dipper jumped into his lap. Cap'n Van stared at both of them. "So you did it to get that mutt," he said. "Well, that do beat all."

From then on everything happened at double time. The first thing Ned knew was that Cap'n Van had told him to row out to the *Sea Bell*. Next he made Ned tie his rowboat alongside the *Sea Bell*'s dinghy. The captain went aboard and shut a large black cat in the small cabin, and then hauled Ned and Dipper aboard. "The only way to get you out deep-sea fishin' is to take along the pooch, too," he said.

## If You Once Have Slept on an Island

RACHEL FIELD

If once you have slept on an island,  
You'll never be quite the same;  
You may look as you looked the day before  
And go by the same old name.

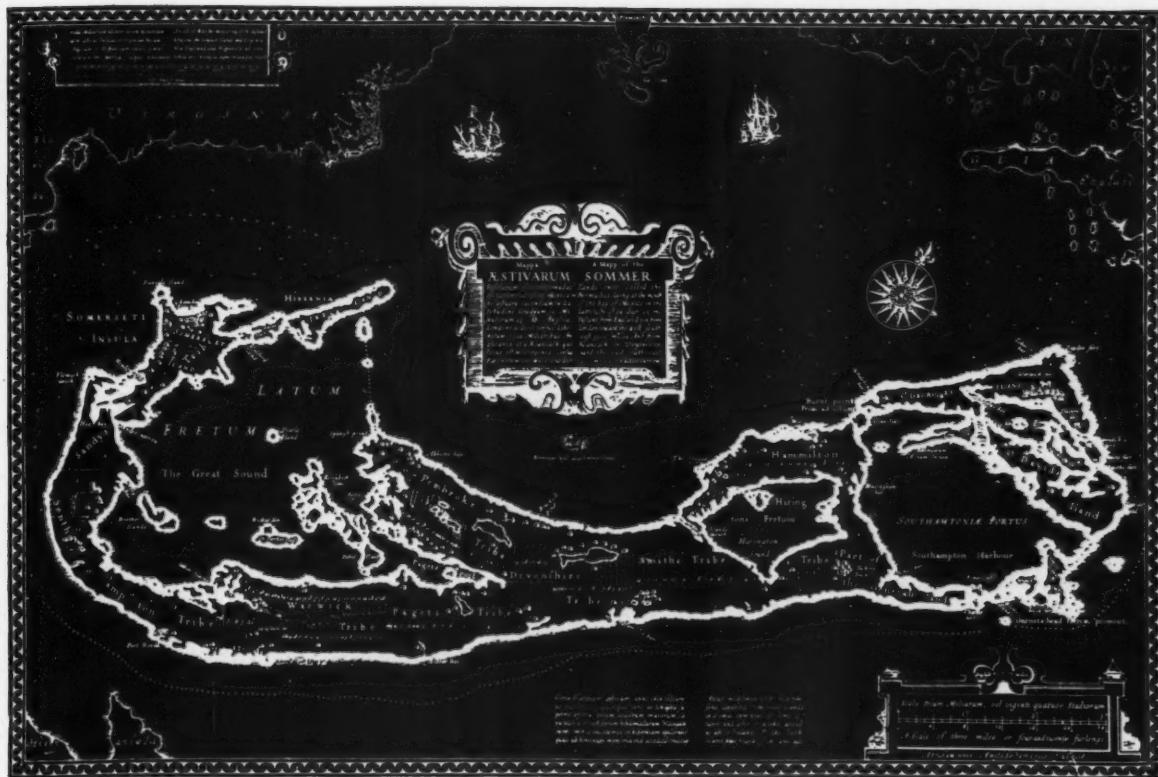
You may bustle about in street and shop;  
You may sit at home and sew,  
But you'll see blue water and wheeling gulls  
Wherever your feet may go.

You may chat to the neighbors of this and  
that  
And close to your fire keep,

But you'll hear ship whistle and lighthouse  
bell  
And tides beat through your sleep.

Oh, you won't know why, and you can't say  
how  
Such change upon you came,  
But—once you have slept on an island  
You'll never be quite the same!

Reprinted from "Taxis and Toadstools," by Rachel Field, by permission of the publishers, Doubleday Doran, Garden City, New York.



This early map of Bermuda was apparently based on the map made by Sir George Somers, first governor of the islands, and Royal Governor, as the shield on the right shows, of Virginia. The shield at left is that of the Bermuda Company



## In Bermuda

FRANCES MARGARET FOX

SEVEN HUNDRED miles away over the sea from New York are the far-famed islands of Bermuda. In these days you may fly to the islands in an airplane and quickly reach Hamilton, the capital, instead of sailing for forty-eight hours over the waves, including the crossing of the rough and rude Gulf Stream. And now you may even travel over a funny little railroad from one end of the islands to the other.

The Bermudas, the merest speck on any map of the Atlantic Ocean, are farther from land than any other islands in the world with the possible exception of St. Helena. And these islands, which were discovered by Juan de Bermudez of Spain soon after Columbus discovered America, appeared on a map in the year 1510. This old Spanish map still is in existence.

When Bermudez sailed home again he told

King Philip II of Spain that he had found one of the loveliest spots on earth. The Spanish king wished to plant a colony on the far-away islands, but failed in his attempt, because all sailors gave it a bad name. And, indeed, to this day the coast of Bermuda is dangerous because of the surrounding coral reefs under the sea. The Spanish sailors told such dreadful stories of evil spirits there, and wicked sirens waiting on the rocks to lure men to destruction, and of shipwrecks and wild winds, that the people of Spain refused to go there to live. Over all Europe the Bermudas became known as the Enchanted Islands.

Another century passed before the English took possession. One June day at sunset, in the year 1609, nine ships sailed away from Plymouth with colonists bound for the two-year-old settlement of Jamestown in Virginia.

In a storm, the flagship, *Sea Adventure*, with one hundred and fifty men, women and children on board, including Admiral Sir George Somers, Royal Governor of Virginia, and Sir Thomas Gates, were separated from the fleet and wrecked. All landed safely on the Enchanted Islands, where they found food in abundance, and where life was so easy that they wished to live there forever.

But Sir George Somers compelled the rebellious men to build two ships, the *Patience* and the *Deliverance*, during the ten months they lived in comfort in that earthly paradise, and loaded them with provisions. Then they set sail for Jamestown.

Only sixty starving colonists greeted the survivors of the most fortunately shipwrecked *Sea Adventure* at Jamestown. The other ships that had sailed from England with the *Sea Adventure*, with five hundred men, women and children on board, had reached Jamestown safely, but nearly all of that passenger list had died of starvation.

No one would have been alive to welcome Lord Delaware when he arrived at Jamestown not long afterward, had the *Sea Adventure* escaped shipwreck and had Sir George Somers failed to do his duty and sail on to Virginia.

However, fearing another starving time, Admiral Sir George Somers, on the advice of Lord Delaware, returned to Bermuda for more supplies. There he died, and there, at St. George, one of the two towns of Bermuda, his heart is buried. His body was taken home to England.

About this time, the Virginia Company tried to change the name of the Bermudas to Virginiola, but the effort was in vain.

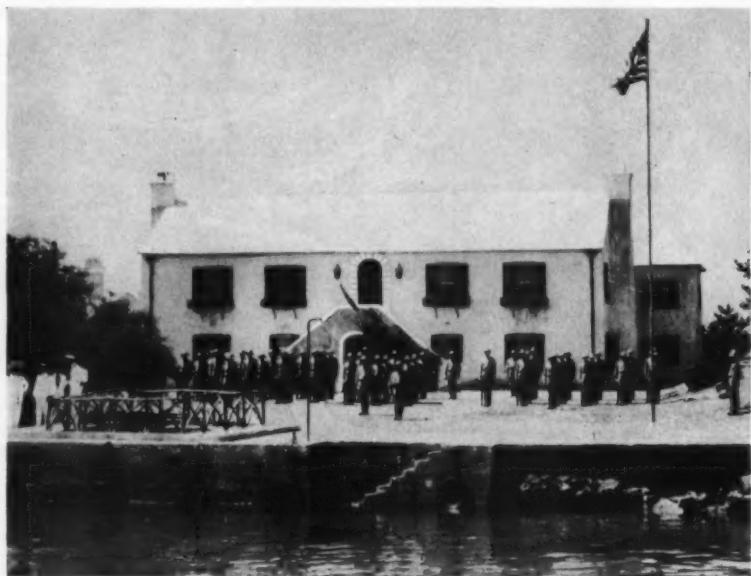
Straightway followed the settlement of the Bermudas by the English, and from that day Bermuda has been part of the British Empire.

The first Governor was Richard More, a ship's carpenter who, under orders from the Virginia Company, sailed with sixty settlers from London on April 28 in 1612. His ship was the *Plough*, and, even with favorable winds and waves, it was July 11 before ever

those first settlers set foot upon the islands.

The governor soon chose St. George's Island for the first seat of government, and there founded the town of St. George's. This was eight years before the sailing of the *Mayflower*.

A church, built of cedar, was the first public building on the islands. That went down in a hurricane; nor did the second one last long. The old St. Peter's Church still standing was built of coral stone, on the original site. And one of the most interesting places in Bermuda is St. Peter's Churchyard where



U. S. Marines at new U. S. naval base on Tucker's Island, Bermuda

visitors read epitaphs on the ancient tombstones.

As later shiploads of settlers, numbering four hundred and forty the first year, came sailing over from England, Governor More must have been thankful that Admiral Sir George Somers had explored the islands, and had made a perfect map of the coastline and interior. Therefore he knew, as well as we do, that the three hundred and sixty-five islands of the group cover less than twenty square miles, and lie close together in a crescent shape, twenty-five miles around from end to end. They are now connected by causeways and little bridges.

Before Governor More sailed home to England, the Virginia Company had sold their holdings to the Bermuda Company, which divided the islands into parishes, and the par-

ishes into shares. There always was trouble between the inhabitants of Bermuda and their rulers until the Bermuda Company lost control and the Bermudas became a self-governing colony of Great Britain. In these days it is an important colony, too, for the United States is building there one of its naval bases for the defense of the Western Hemisphere.

At first the colonists built their houses of cedar, as cedar trees covered the islands, and made their roofs of palmetto leaves. They quickly discovered, however, that it was easy to cut soft creamy coral limestone from the hillsides, and then saw it into blocks. The blocks turned hard and gray in the air and sunshine. Now nearly all the houses of Bermuda are of coral stone. Even the roofs are of long thin slabs of coral stone shingles.

All the coral stone buildings are covered with cement and then whitewashed, roofs and all. According to law, every inhabited house must be whitewashed once a year, so that the dwellings of Bermuda always look beautiful against the green background of cedars that grow on the islands now even as they did hundreds of years ago. But the law-givers are not thinking of beauty when they insist on whitewashed roofs. There are no springs nor wells of fresh water on Bermuda, and water for drinking, cooking, bathing and laundry work is rain water caught and stored in great cisterns. Thanks to the clean, whitewashed roofs, the water is as clear as crystal, and tasteless. Besides, there are no factories and few chimneys in Bermuda, and clean winds from the ocean are always blowing across the narrow islands.

When a man in Bermuda wishes to build a house, he may, if he likes, dig away the earth for a foot or two from his own land, and cut his own blocks of coral stone instead of having them delivered from a quarry. Often a house is built one room at a time, and when a baby is born to the family another room is added.

The winding old coral roads were cut through solid coral stone by convict labor in



COURTESY BERMUDA NEWS BUREAU

St. Peter's, in Bermuda, oldest Anglican church in this hemisphere

the long ago. Americans out walking along the coral roads and paths quickly learn to keep to the left instead of the right when passing others in the English fashion. As a reminder, some of us were taught this Bermudian rhyme:

"The rule of the road is a paradox quite,  
For as you journey along,  
If you turn to the left,  
You are sure to go right;  
If you turn to the right,  
You go wrong."

Always the Bermudians were a seafaring people, and every ship that returned to port brought trees and blossoming plants from the wide world. In the beginning, only cedar trees, junipers and palmettos covered the low-lying hills. But now huge trees like rubber trees, royal palms, calabash trees, the fiddle-wood, and at least one giant mahogany tree grow in the gardens and over all Bermuda, brought by sea captains and sailors to make their homes more beautiful. In the gardens bordered by stone walls are hedges of oleanders, match-me-if-you-can, roses and many treasures from other lands.

The climate of Bermuda is called oceanic. The surrounding waters are of changing greens and blues of all shades. The hillsides are always green, while buildings, houses, schools, the cathedral, all the way from St. George's to Ireland Point, are snowy white.

Along the rocky coasts of the islands there  
(Continued on page 18)



## A Drop of Milk

VICTOR WOLFGANG VON HAGEN

Illustrations by Antonio Sotomayor

### PART I

**E**NRIQUE'S mule clattered over the cobblestoned streets of Cuenca. The sun had not yet risen over the mountains, and the narrow streets of the Ecuadorian city still rested in the shadows of an Andean night.

Enrique pulled his woolen poncho closer to him and tried to shove his hands deeper into the pockets of his pants. Like all the schoolboys of Cuenca, he wore dark, short, "stove pipe" pants, a short jacket and a cap which might elsewhere have been called a "beany." He guided the mule along the side of a street to the end of a tall adobe wall.

"Psssst."

Enrique stopped and turned toward one of the small shops on the street.

"Psssst," the call was repeated; then a voice said quietly, "Enrique. Come here."

Hitching the mule to the upturned cannon cemented into the old stone sidewalk, Enrique

walked toward the shadows. The sun was just peeping over the rim of mountains that circled Cuenca and the light played on Enrique's soft dark hair and the dark eyes that even in the early morning sparkled in his bronze face. The delicate features were those of old Spain, but something about the eyes, a slight tilt, gave a hint of his Indian blood.

In the shadows of the jewelry store of Don Isidor he found Ramon:

"What are you doing here?"

Ramon said under his breath:

"Waiting for you."

"Me—what do you want?"

Ramon pointed to the muie, which impatiently pawed at the cobblestones and shifted the two large cans on its back.

"Where are you going with the milk?"

"Where do I go with the milk every Monday, Wednesday and Friday?" Enrique ex-

ploded with disgust. "Why, to deliver the milk to the 'Gota de Leche' \* so the fat babies of the Indians can get fatter still. A boy my age in the sixth form at school—a milk man." He spat into the street.

"Since you are mad at it, we have an idea," said Ramon.

"What do you mean?" snapped back Enrique.

"Some One," Ramon said airily. "Look, you've got milk. Now I know a baker, who needs milk and couldn't get any today, so why don't we sell him some of the milk?"

"I can't sell the milk," Enrique cried. "The Mother Superior at the convent, who gives out the milk, has already paid my mother a month in advance."

"Don't be a silly burro, Enrique; sell some of the milk, and then put water into the cans to make up for what you sell—"

"Water!" gasped Enrique.

"Yes, water," snapped Ramon. "Who will know? Would a lot of Indians know when the milk is watered?"

Enrique looked at Ramon, then down the street to be sure no one had heard them. Cuenca had not yet come alive; only along the narrow sidewalks a few people passed. Pacho, the charcoal burner, was unloading his mules and dumping the sacks of charcoal in front of the house of the Americano. Some priests in their black robes walked toward the Cathedral.

He turned back to Ramon. "I don't dare," he whispered.

"Don't dare," Ramon sneered. "Hombre (man), you are *loco*," and he touched a finger to his forehead. "Don't you want to make six sucre?" †

"Six sucre!" gasped Enrique. "Really that much?"

That would be about sixty cents American, enough to buy a fountain pen for school. After all, didn't he get up every morning, bring in the cows when the wind was cold, and then carry the milk all the way in to the convent? Didn't he deserve some extra money?

\* NOTE: Gota de Leche, pronounced go'ta day le'che, means drop of milk. It is the name of an organization which is part of the public welfare society of the city of Cuenca in Ecuador. It gives free milk to the babies of those who can not afford to buy it. Cuenca is 8,500 feet above sea level.

† Sucre—National coinage of Ecuador named after General Jose de Sucre, Ecuadorian liberator.

He said, half convinced:

"If you are sure I'll get six sucre."

"Sure you will; come on." Ramon dashed out into the street, took hold of the mule and began to walk away in the opposite direction before Enrique could change his mind.

"Get on, Mula, get on." Enrique prodded the beast and sent it clattering over the rough cobbles.

The bells of the Cathedral announced the morning Mass; the streets were filled with people. Padres, Indians, their skirts showing all the flashing colors of the rainbow, gentlefolk rushed along to business. Pretty red-cheeked girls, with black mantillas over their dark braided hair, hurried to the Cathedral before going to school.

"Mula, Mula!" urged Enrique. He pushed into the mule his own fear. The six silver sucre rattled in his pocket, telling him with every step the deed that was done and sealed by the payment of silver. Half the milk of each can had been emptied out and filled with water. Too much water, the baker had thought, but, now that the water was in, what could anyone do about it? Enrique knew he was late by the sun on the adobe wall. Usually it would still be in the shadows.

"Caramba!" he said half aloud, "why did that old baker take so long?"

The mule came to a halt in front of the high-walled convent. Enrique pulled the cord that hung beside the great gates. When he first brought milk to the convent, he had been so small that he had had to stand on tiptoes to reach it; now, as a boy of thirteen, it was well within reach.

"Bong! Bong!" the bell rang deeply.

There was a clatter of slippers inside, the small door within the big gate opened, and out of it peered the whiskery face of Domingo, the Gatekeeper of the Convent.

"Buenas dias, Enrique; it would be best if I said *Buenas tardes* (good afternoon)—seeing it is so late."

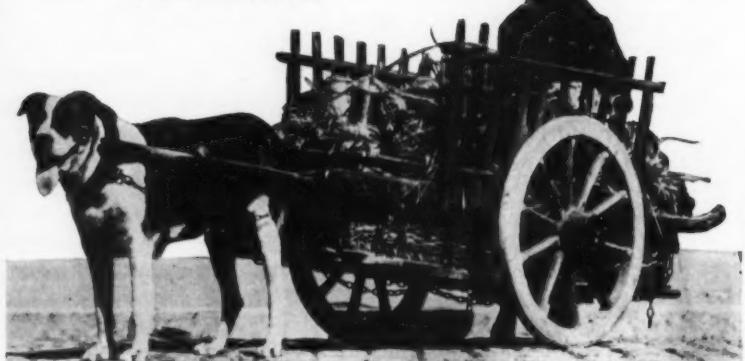
Enrique grumbled something, and waited while Domingo unfastened the big doors and opened them so the mule could pass. The gates creaked and groaned on their old iron hinges. They had opened for centuries. Neither time nor termites had eaten into them. Enrique took hold of the rope and urged the mule into the big plaza within the convent.

(To be concluded next month)

## Milkman, Milkmaid



Madeira Island milk peddler



Dogs pull milk carts in Belgium



This milkman in Normandy is collecting milk from a farmer's wife, not selling it. Later he will take it to the village to sell it



Hill woman of India carrying milk to town



Milk boys of Bulgaria



Bolivian milk woman with her little girl

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLIAM THOMPSON

# School of the Air of the Americas

JAMES T. NICHOLSON

National Director, American Junior Red Cross

**F**AR-REACHING radio support of international correspondence among the schools of this hemisphere was arranged during the summer. For the next school term the American Junior Red Cross has entered into a partnership with the School of the Air of the Americas of the Columbia Broadcasting System. In this collaboration we have joined with the National Education Association, the United States Office of Education, and the Pan American Union.

In some seventy-five of these School of the Air programs there will be special reference to International School Correspondence. Between October and May the programs will be heard in English throughout the United States and Canada, and in Spanish and Portuguese over seventy Latin American stations of the new CBS-South American network.

Last spring, working closely with the Pan American Union and our State Department, the Department of Education of the Columbia Broadcasting System decided to make a major effort on behalf of hemisphere solidarity and understanding. CBS had just concluded arrangements with the seventy Latin American broadcasting stations to pick up and re-broadcast programs from the powerful new CBS short wave transmitters. The programs from the United States to these countries were to be, of course, in Spanish or Portuguese. The CBS educators concluded that they would re-broadcast their long-established School of the Air programs over these new facilities.

It was then that we got in touch with the people in the CBS Department of Education and found them most receptive to the idea of linking the School of the Air of the Americas, as it was now to be called, with the American Junior Red Cross, and particularly with our International School Correspondence.

We agreed to tell all of you about the project, to suggest that you listen regularly to these programs in your classrooms, and to recommend to the Junior Red Cross members of our sister societies throughout Latin America that they do likewise. We agreed, further, that we would bring to the attention of our

Junior Red Cross Councils the possibility of making the broadcasts of the School of the Air of the Americas the basis of plans for the International School Correspondence albums sent to schools of Latin America and Canada.

In turn, CBS agreed to feature the collaboration with us in the "Teacher's Manual," to be supplied in English to 250,000 classrooms in the United States, 20,000 in Canada, and in Spanish and Portuguese to 60,000 in Latin America. In addition, CBS promised to make special reference to the tie-up with our International School Correspondence on some seventy-five or more of the broadcasts.

It is, we think, most fortunate that there should be collaboration between the powerful instrument of education and good will which the School of the Air is, and our Junior Red Cross, the largest youth organization in the United States. We feel certain, too, that the project will be approved by our Junior Red Cross friends in Latin America who, at the Fourth Pan American Red Cross Conference in Chile last December, adopted eight resolutions expressing the hope for increased International School Correspondence and the exchange of educational materials among the Junior Red Cross members of the twenty-one American Republics.

Copies of the "Teacher's Manual," to which reference has been made, will be furnished to all Junior Red Cross Chairmen. They will be requested to make these copies available for study by Junior Red Cross Councils.

The School of the Air of the Americas will be divided into five separate daily series, beginning Monday, October 6, as follows:

"Americans at Work"—Mondays. Dramatizations of the lives of various kinds of workers in the Americas.

"Music of the Americas"—Tuesdays.

"New Horizons"—Wednesdays. Geography, history and science of the Western Hemisphere.

"Tales from Far and Near"—Thursdays. Dramatizations of stories depicting the life and customs of young people of the Americas.

"This Living World"—Fridays. Current events and civics. Each broadcast will include an open forum discussion by high school students.

# American Junior Red Cross NEWS

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NO. 1

## National Officers of the American Red Cross

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## American Junior Red Cross

JAMES T. NICHOLSON	National Director
LIVINGSTON L. BLAIR	Assistant National Director
ELLEN MCBRYDE BROWN	Editor

## "All Care of Each Other's Good"

BIG WORDS with great meanings will meet your eyes in much of your Junior Red Cross work this year. Among them will be Citizenship and Democracy, Social Responsibilities and Internal Defenses. In fact, a Junior Red Cross goal this year will be "Citizenship Training through the Fulfillment of Social Responsibilities."

Some will insist that no one in our country may become a citizen until the twenty-first birthday. But many of us believe that boys and girls are often better citizens than many grownups. To many young people citizenship means not only having rights but also accepting real social responsibilities.

They also know that Democracy is a way of life, in which people are held to be of great importance: not one person, or a group of people, but all the people. Within two years people of many countries, once free, have lost all their rights.

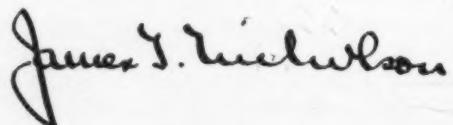
We must keep our rights. We must make sure that we can live on as free people. To do so, we must help to build strong internal defenses in our Democracy. Each one of us can help to make our country strong and united and free by living up to his responsibilities to all of us. In a democracy, each of us, from youngest to oldest, has responsibilities towards others. That is what we mean by "social responsibilities."

Just what may be some of the "social responsibilities" of school children, anyhow?

Well, even the youngest has his part to do for the good of all in his home. He can be thoughtful of others, pleasant and polite; he can be kind to his younger brothers and sisters. At school, he can be a good sport, willing to let others have the credit for what they do, and a good loser, or winner in games; he can be careful not to hurt the feelings of others and to stand up for the younger children. Through his membership in the American Junior Red Cross, he can do his part to help other children who need help. Some of these children may be in his own home town. Some may be in schools for the blind in other parts of the country. Still others may be suffering the terrors of war in Europe or in China.

This idea of the need for helping each other has lived longer than the time during which our country has been free, one hundred and sixty-five years on last Fourth of July. In fact, the idea may be found in the Bible, in the Golden Rule. It will be found on your Junior Red Cross poster and Calendar. The words printed there are in the English of Shakespeare's day. They were written in 1617 by two of the Pilgrim Fathers before they left Holland to brave the dangers of the wilderness and found the little colony at Plymouth. "We do hold ourselves straitly tied to all care of each other's good and of the whole by every, and so mutual." Today it is just as it was then; in the same way that the Pilgrim Fathers felt bound to think of the good of all, so all the people of the United States, from youngest to oldest, must now feel bound to look out for each other. Thus, each one is truly a citizen, each one will help to build up our defenses, each one will help to keep our country free.

I hope all members of the American Junior Red Cross will take that idea of the Pilgrim Fathers and feel closely bound to "all care of each other's good and of the whole." I hope that you will put the idea into everyday action so that you may become trained in good citizenship for the internal defense of our country through living up to your social responsibilities in this Democracy.



National Director, American Junior Red Cross

# Three Good Books

## Roundabout

CHARLIE MAY SIMON

E. P. Dutton: \$2.00

TOM AND EMILY and Pat—short for Patricia—could hardly believe their eyes. Never before had an automobile come down the old mail trail. For the old trail had long ago been deserted. Once many people had lived on it, but first a railroad, and then a flood which changed the course of the Mississippi, and finally the building of Highway Number Ten had taken the families away.

Now smoke came from only three chimneys on the trail. In one house lived Granny Burns, in another was Uncle Levi, and in the third lived the three Jordan children with their father and mother. The three families raised cotton on their clearings in the forests of oaks and pecans and cypresses.

The car had come on a detour because Highway Number Ten was being repaired. And a detour, Mrs. Jordan explained to the children, "means a roundabout way." So Emily sang a song she made up herself:

"The roundabout way's become the main highway.

Many things can happen when the roundabout way becomes the main highway."

And many things did happen, too. Tom had new overalls, and Emily and Pat had new pink and blue dresses of material bought with butter and eggs from a rolling store. They wore their new clothes to school in Hollydale, for now the school bus came along the roundabout way. One of their new friends took the Jordans to Memphis, where they saw the animals in the zoo and other sights. A friendly, lonely stranger came over the detour and decided to open the old general store that had almost tumbled down. There was a surprise Christmas party at the Jordans' house. And one time someone left a tiny baby on Uncle Levi's doorstep and drove away before anyone knew what had happened. Granny Burns said she ought to take the baby, but Uncle Levi insisted on looking after him himself.

Many more things and people happened along, and by the time the highway was repaired there was plenty of life and change on the old mail trail.—E. McB. B.



## In My Mother's House

ANN NOLAN CLARK

The Viking Press: \$2.00

THE INDIAN CHILDREN of a pueblo near Santa Fe, New Mexico, helped the author write this book. In a few simple sentences on each page, she tries to tell of the beauty or the usefulness of the things around them—mountains, rivers, horses, berries—as seen through their wide-open eyes.

There are large paintings or drawings on every page by Velino Herrera, the Indian artist who designed the cover on this month's News showing Indian women gathering corn pollen for the corn festival. Mr. Herrera's pictures make you see how graceful maize is. And you are almost certain to like his herd of grazing mustangs on the end papers of the book.—M. L. F.

## Neighbors to the South

DELIA GOETZ

Harcourt, Brace and Company: \$2.50

WE TALK so often these days of our Latin American Neighbors that we are likely to think that the different nations to the south are as similar as people in a neighborhood. But in this book many lively differences of twelve of these neighbor nations are clearly brought out. For instance, "Guatemala, Honduras, and Nicaragua," says the author, "all have a large Indian . . . population. But the Indians aren't alike! They don't wear the same clothes, speak the same language, or celebrate the same holidays."

In the same way, marked contrasts within a country are pointed out—Chile, for example, where, if you were suddenly set down in the four different parts without being told where you were, you might think in turn that you were in the Sahara desert, Norwegian forests, California vineyards or the Swiss Alps.

The pleasantly spaced lines of print, the many large photographs, and the easy-to-understand words all make this a helpful book. You may want to read it just for the fun of going places in your mind.



PHILADELPHIA INQUIRER

of them, were sent by children in schools all over our country to many places besides Alaska. Several thousand, for example, went to China. Some of these came at last to the primary school run by the Shanghai Goodwill Industries in Shanghai. Because of war conditions, shipments were delayed and the boxes did not arrive in time for Christmas. But they reached the school in time for China's National Children's Day in April. The children in the school sent this letter, along with a package of drawings and needlework they had done themselves.

"Three low bows to each grade of the forty-four schools in California and Idaho who visited our school in China. We have 450 children in our school. Most of us came from the refugee camps that we went to when there was fighting in Shanghai. Our fathers and mothers work at the Goodwill Industries work-rooms. Most of us live in the ruined houses that were left when this part of the city was burned and deserted for two years. Each noon at school we have our full meal. It is thick

## Time Now for Gift Boxes

"I THANK YOU so much for that Red Cross box that you sent to us for a Christmas present. I sure enjoyed to see the things in the box. The children were so surprised to get them.

"You might want to know about our weather right now in January. We don't get daylight much for several weeks and it is very cold, but we go to school just the same as you do, for this reason: to learn your language. I mean white people's speech."

School children in Wenatchee, Washington, who got this letter from Patty Koonoorjak of Point Hope, Alaska, were pleased to know that the little presents they had carefully packed in the American Junior Red Cross gift boxes, and sent off in the fall, were giving pleasure to Eskimo children during the dark Alaskan winter.

Last year such gift boxes, thousands

Members of the Standard School, Kern County, California, pack gift boxes

porridge with vegetables. The Goodwill gets shoes and clothes for most of us. Paper is scarce. For our school work we use the clean side of old bills and the examination papers of other schools. In our American boxes were pencils, crayons, pads, soap, washcloths, handkerchiefs, toys and American nuts. After



we had a program, some of the greetings you sent were read to us. We thought it was nice that some boys and girls in California schools had written their greetings in Chinese characters.

"See you again," is the way we say 'Good-bye.' We hope you will visit us again."

Several hundred boxes went to Guatemala where the little presents brightened Christmas for children in orphanages and hospitals and day nurseries caring for the small children of mothers who had to go out to work during the day. In all, fourteen hundred children of Guatemala got small remembrances from children in the United States.

Great packing cases full of the small boxes with the Red Cross emblem went over to Great Britain. Great Britain has many refugees. Some children who had fled from Czechoslovakia to England received American gift boxes. Maybe the boxes were like old friends to some of them, because for years American Juniors sent these greeting packages to children in Czechoslovakia. The gifts were distributed on March 7th, the day when all children of the former republic celebrate the birthday of Thomas Masaryk, founder and first president of the country.

Most of the boxes for Britain were given to children obliged to leave their homes because of the war. A girl in Penzance in Cornwall, England, wrote:

"I thank you very much for the presents you sent me. As soon as we saw the boxes we were very excited. We were going to keep them till Easter, but we were so impatient that we simply could not bear the thought of keeping them.

"Before we had them, we all saw them displayed in a shop window in town. There was a label stuck on the outside of the window with these words printed on, 'Gifts from the American children.'

"I am fourteen years old this August, 1941. I come from London. My parents are still in London and also my sister. Her age is three years, three months. It is a very nice place in



Sometimes the children receiving gift boxes have sent thank-you gifts or albums in return

Above, San Francisco members unpack thank-you gifts from Pago-Pago in American Samoa

The snapshot of the English boy at left came in a thank-you album

Penzance. But you simply can't imagine how we feel, away from our parents. We always look forward to letters from home and go running up to the postman when we see him. I have a brother evacuated with me. We go to school here, the same as in London."

From a center for evacuated children in the southern part of Wales, John Wishart wrote: "Dear Lorrie Sanderson School, Chattanooga, Tennessee, U. S. A.

"Thank you very much for the parcel you sent through the American Red Cross. It was a big surprise and I have lots of fun playing with the marbles and racing the cars. I am nearly eight, and I have been evacuated from Chatham to Wales. I am learning to speak Welsh and I like it here better than Chatham. When I grow up I hope to visit America and then perhaps I shall meet one of you and say 'Thank you' properly."

Last year 50,000 boxes were sent. They went to Great Britain, Argentina, Guatemala, Chile, Mexico, Peru, Finland, the Virgin

(Concluded on page 23)

## In Bermuda

(Continued from page 9)

are gulls and cranes and kingfishers. And in all the gardens and along the paths birds sing: bluebirds, redbirds, goldfinches and the little chick-of-the-village. In Bermuda they will tell you that the redbirds sing, "Don't worry, don't worry!" The native ground doves are gray with black markings on their wings; they go walking on pink feet, and seldom are seen far above the ground. Catbirds are there, too, singing or scolding as they do in America.

There are no snakes in Bermuda, and once there were no toads or frogs. But a sea captain who sailed between his home in Bermuda and the islands of the West Indies decided that those who had gardens in Bermuda needed frogs to eat the insects. One night, before sailing home from the West Indies, he gathered in a collection of what he supposed were full-grown West Indian frogs, and stowed them away on his ship.

When Captain Nathaniel Vesy reached home, he turned his captives loose in the Devonshire marshes. That was his mistake. The little creatures were queer baby toads. They grew and they grew until they were as big as dinner plates and ugly looking. They were giant toads of the West Indies. The animals didn't like their new home because the marsh water was rain and salt water mixed. So out they came, with their new families born in Bermuda, hundreds of huge toads, to make themselves at home everywhere, and there they are to this day.

Poor Captain Vesy never heard the last of his unlucky gift to Bermuda. There is a story that when he was home one time from a sailing trip his front doorbell rang. He opened the door and there on his steps was a large gunny sack filled with something that humped and bumped in an alarming fashion. When the sack was opened, out hopped a procession of giant toads. They do say that the captain went into the house and SLAMMED the door.

Also in Bermuda there are multitudes of curious frogs, many of them no bigger than a dime, known as whistling frogs. It is believed that the first ones arrived by accident, perhaps tucked away with plants or trees. From sunset until the dawn on some of the islands, these frogs disturb the beauty of the night, with their loud, loud unmusical whistles.

Some of the inhabitants of Bermuda live in

a place called the Salt Kettle, and in the city of Hamilton, the capital of Bermuda, they will tell you that if you wish to cross the harbor you must take the Salt Kettle Ferry. Even at that, there isn't and never has been a salt kettle in sight. When George Washington lived at Mount Vernon, the Bermudas were famous the world over for ships, sailors and salt. In the year 1678 some wise men of Bermuda went sailing away to Turk's Island in the West Indies where it was easy to get the salt from sea water, and there they began making salt. They brought their cargoes home in their own ships, and made salt pans for storing the salt in the place now remembered only by the name, the Salt Kettle. Salt on the table at Mount Vernon and in Virginia and other colonies was straight from Bermuda.

When the *Sea Adventure* was wrecked three hundred years ago, the survivors wrote in glowing terms of various inhabitants of the deep, the bright red squirrel fish with dark colored head, the lady fish, the blue parrot, the green parrot and numberless others. In one of their accounts of the islands it was written, "also among all sorts of fish, there is one strange fish, and beautiful to behold. We call it an Angelfish." And it is still so called.

In the clear blue waters of the Atlantic surrounding Bermuda, there are one hundred and sixty varieties of fish, most of them good food and many of great beauty.

In a wonderful natural aquarium, known as Devil's Hole, that once was a cave, but now is open to the sky, marvelous fish come underground with the tides and return on outgoing tides to the sea. There on a platform beside the pool, guarded by the keeper, fascinated visitors watch the fish of all colors.

And in Bermuda the electrically lighted caves are visited by thousands of visitors every year, and many are the stories told of the discovery of each and every one of them.

At least half the population are self-respecting, gentle-mannered colored people. They have their own good schools and churches, and their gaily dressed, smiling little children always appear to be happy.

The children of Bermuda have pets, parrots from Mexico and South America, nanny goats and billy goats, ponies, donkeys, rabbits, cats and dogs, and unusual pets from distant lands. These children will tell you stories about Bermuda, of buried treasure, of the pirates, of hurricanes and all sorts of adventures.

## J. R. C. Mailbag

ON SEPTEMBER 18, 1810, a *cabildo*, or townmeeting, was held in Santiago, Chile, and the resignation of the president-general selected by the King of Spain to rule the country was accepted. In his place the people elected a board of seven members to govern them. So began Chile's independence. Pupils in a school in Santiago wrote in the correspondence album they sent to the Grammar School of King City, California:

ON THE EIGHTEENTH of September we celebrate our national fiesta, day of glory for all the Chileans who remember and commemorate the fathers of our country such as Juan Martinez de Rozas, Bernardo O'Higgins, José de San Martín, and other great leaders, who gave us liberty.

On the nineteenth in the Park of Cousino, we have the traditional military parade in which miles of men march in review in their beautiful uniforms in front of the president. In the procession are men from the military school, cavalry regiments, the infantry, the National School of Aeronautics of Chile.

Our people commemorate this day with large popular parties, accompanied by the *cueca*, the characteristic dance of Chile.

Every year we have in the month of October the Exposition of animals from rural sections, and all of the most beautiful animals are brought to participate in the fairs. This exposition takes place at the Fifth School of Agriculture, one of the best places in Santiago. A part of this exposition is a big Chilean rodeo. We sing folk songs and dance the *cueca*.

Some of the most interesting Junior Red Cross correspondence exchanges are made between schools in different parts of the United States. The Henderson Settlement School in the Kentucky mountains told their corre-



COURTESY PAN AMERICAN UNION  
An old print of the cueca, Chilean dance

spondents in the School for the Deaf in Trenton, New Jersey, about how conditions in their section had been changed in the last few years. Part of their description follows:

NOT SO MANY years ago our roads were bad and most of them were footpaths or wagon trails. Along the roads oxen and wagons could be seen with loads of lumber, and sometimes sleds were used, as they could travel faster than wagons.

Next came mules and horses. They were used in teams to haul wagons. The people began to try to build up the roads by hauling rock and putting it on the roads. But still the roads couldn't be used and the creeks couldn't be crossed when it rained.

Someone got the idea of building bridges. At first the bridges were merely "foot logs," as they were called, as they could be crossed only by foot. Next, bridges which could be crossed by wagons and sleds were built. The roads were improved, and at last a W. P. A. project was established and the first automobile to enter this section was brought in by someone.

Our community is in better condition now than it ever has been. The W. P. A. project has improved the roads, built churches and schools. Cars are being run daily now, and many people own them. Buses haul the children to school here at Henderson Settlement, and trucks also are being used to haul logs and other heavy loads like lime, sand, and furniture. Trucks from a near-by town bring groceries to the stores out here.

There have been many other changes in our neighborhood since Mr. Hiram M. Frakes, our school superintendent, came here in 1925. Pretty cottages with big windows, curtains, carpets, pictures and nice furniture have replaced one-room log huts and we have oil or electric lights instead of tallow candles or pine torches.



Lorena Strawn, Tennessee School for the Blind, slips a pocket toy into a coat going to England

## News Parade

**W**AR RELIEF in many forms is going to China these days. And the people are so thrifty that they have made good use of the bags used for shipping cracked wheat received from the American Red Cross. The first distribution of the cracked wheat had hardly been made in Shanghai before the empty sacks were used for making children's clothes, and sheets, pillow cases and garments used in hospitals. The suit Sam Moy is wearing (see picture opposite), and others like it, were made by girls of a mission orphanage in Shanghai. It is beautifully hand tailored, even to the frogs which fasten the front. Soon all that lettering will wash out, of course. Samples of these flour sack garments came to Red Cross Headquarters where they were put on display in the Red Cross Museum. Sam Moy is an American citizen, and goes to school

in the Chinese Community Church in Washington every afternoon after his regular school lets out. He was good enough to pose so that you could see just how a Chinese boy in Shanghai would look in the suit.

Besides tons of cracked wheat and rice sent by ship to China, 60,000 Thiamin Chloride Vitamin B-1 tablets went by clipper plane. Last December a representative of the American Red Cross in China reported that there were more than 200,000 cases of beri-beri, a dangerous disease that people get from not having the right things to eat. We have just heard that the tablets have acted like magic, and in Fong Pin Hospital, where there were 700 cases of beri-beri, no active cases were left after two weeks' treatment. And to check the recent outbreak of malaria along the important Burma Road, the American Red Cross has hurried a large shipment of quinine.

"THE WAR in Europe seems to have made all children anxious to help serve in any way they can," said Junior Red Cross members of the Bayard School, Wilmington, Delaware, in an album to the Navajo Indian Boarding School at Crown Point, New Mexico. These Delaware boys and girls are busy on war relief projects, and recently completed two hundred hot water bottle covers in three days on a rush order for hospitals in Great Britain. Baby blankets, many kinds of pocket toys, and baby caps from scraps of baby blanket materials are included in the things they have made. The album contained a good-looking pair of green and tan flannel mittens, made from left-over scraps of bathrobes. "We are making dozens of pairs of these and feel they will help to keep some hands warm next winter."

Every phase of school activity was described in this album in pictures and text. Along with the general album was a special one devoted entirely to art work.

IN ST. THERESA'S Parochial School, Coral Gables, Florida, boys and girls together are working on dozens of sweaters for war relief. A report from the school says that nine of the boys are their best knitters. Boys in Dallas, Texas, use wood in making knitting needles, as you can see from the picture on page 23, but in the Rivers Junior High School, Charleston, South Carolina, still another idea has been worked out—old coat hangers are cut to proper size and pointed up to make fine needles.

TO INTEREST senior members of the Red Cross in sewing for war relief, Junior Red Cross members of Cherokee County, Centre, Alabama, made thirty jumpers and blouses in their Home Economics classes. When the garments were finished, they were put on display for all to see before being sent to National Headquarters in Washington.

A RECENT Junior Red Cross Council meeting at Macon, Georgia, was planned around the National Children's Fund. One member spoke about the purpose of the Fund; six others then told of what the Fund has done in different countries. The 1940-41 Junior Red Cross Calendar was used in working out the program. After the speakers finished, gifts of money were placed in a white box with a red cross on its side, labeled "National Children's Fund." For ways in which different Junior Red Cross members have raised money for the Fund, watch for the pictures in the News next month. There will be lots of new ideas.

SOME WEEKS AGO a young boy out in Kingman, Kansas, wrote to President Roosevelt:

"Dear Mr. Roosevelt:

"I heard your fireside chat last night. You said we should all help. I am nine years old, and can not do very much. I have thirty-five hens. I could spare some eggs for the English. Could I send them to England, and how could I do it?"

The President sent the letter to the American Red Cross, and it was suggested that the boy sell the eggs and give the money to the National Children's Fund for the relief of children in the British Isles.

THIRTY-SIX sixth grade boys of Glenn Street School, Anderson, South Carolina, had a class in Red Cross First Aid during the fall of 1940. Thirty-three passed the examination and arranged a public program giving demon-

strations of what they had learned. The boys have been able to use their knowledge of First Aid in many practical ways.

SEVERAL SCHOOLS in Venezuela have held fetes and bazaars to raise money for First Aid and medicine chests. One school has organized a First Aid station with the help of the pupils and teachers. Another school used money it earned through an entertainment to buy uniforms for school children who could not afford to pay for their own.



Sam Moy in a flour sack suit  
(See opposite page)

JUNIOR RED CROSS members of Evansville, Indiana, who are knitting coverlets for refugee babies, decided on this way of obtaining yarn: They got permission to go through the rooms of the school knitting as they went. One of the girls explained what they were doing and why. Then an appeal was made to the children to bring a donation that might help to buy yarn. They left a small box with a red cross on it for the money. The children in a Junior Primary group in Evansville were quite interested in the project and one little boy came in the next morning bringing thirty-two cents for the box. When asked if he meant to give it all he said, "Sure, I've been saving all my pennies to do something to help somebody, so this is it."

DURING the last war, Lens, a little town in Pas de Calais, France, was completely destroyed until, as one person has described it, the houses were reduced to powder which could literally be run through one's fingers. The village was reconstructed, however, and until lately industries were again in full swing. Now, once more, Lens is in the path of war. This letter to the Laville, Kentucky, Public School, has just come through National Headquarters:

"Dear Friends:

"We are the two little evacuees from Lens who have received, through the French Junior

Red Cross, your gifts of garments. We thank you very heartily for your generosity. I am a Junior myself and consider this title as an honor because it indicates that you try to help those who are unhappy.

"We lived happily, and it was the war which brought trials and misery which made us see and appreciate how much peace is a benefit. During days and days we lived in our cellars under bombardments. Then, one day at 4 A. M., on Thursday, May sixteenth, we had to go away within half an hour taking with us what we could. We walked forty kilometers on foot. We have lost all our belongings. How sad it is!

"Since we have received your gifts, we feel ourselves less unhappy. Once again, thank you and best greetings from two little evacuees from Lens."

SCHOOL CORRESPONDENCE exchanges with countries in South and Central America are becoming more and more frequent these days. The Charles M. Russel School, Great Falls, Montana, enjoyed this note from Public School No. 44 in Havana, Cuba:

"Dear Friends:

At the start of this course, we received a lovely album, compiled by you. Through it we were able to appreciate the numerous beauties found in that region of America, the richness of its soil, its products and its admirable scholastic works. We intend to gather material for an album, too, but should it not be such a success as yours, it will at least convey to you our sympathies and affection."

And School No. 20, in Havana, included in an album to the Franklin School, in Great Falls, a postcard showing the "Tree of American Fraternity." Beneath the picture the Junior Red Cross members wrote: "This ceiba tree was sown in soil from the twenty-one American republics, in honor of the brotherhood of these nations. The park is called 'Fraternity.' "

BOYS AND GIRLS at the State School for the Blind in Nashville, Tennessee, take an active part in the Junior Red Cross program of the city. In fact, the November Junior Red

Cross Council meeting is to be held at the school. An album in braille, on its way to another school for the blind in Vancouver, Washington, was first displayed at a Council meeting so all Junior Red Cross members could see it.

The album had many beautiful pictures of Tennessee, and a report of activities including local and community service. The Juniors provide flowers and delicacies for sick people, make scrapbooks and favors for children in institutions, work to make their school more attractive, and help with health campaigns in the city. The album included pictures of plays given by the blind students, pages of spelling lessons and a composition about George Washington in braille, as well as the



You have to pass the Junior First Aid course before you can graduate from the elementary schools of Normal, Illinois

words and music of an original valentine song. There were many samples of handwork, including tatting, crocheting, and weaving.

All Junior Red Cross members of Nashville, have been making garments to send to Great Britain, and have put small toys, such as stuffed chickens and ducks, in the pockets to surprise the boys and girls who receive them. Members at the school for the blind helped with this, as you will see from the picture on page 20.

POCKETBOOKS for refugee children in Europe were made by Camden, New Jersey, Junior Red Cross members. Felt from discarded hats was used.

SEWING GARMENTS for boys and girls in England keeps Junior Red Cross members of Toronto, Canada, busy. Even the fourth-graders help by making basting threads.

After a discussion of just what would be the best type of war relief activity for Toronto members to undertake, it was decided that each Home Economics center would be responsible for making an outfit for a girl of school age—eight, ten, or twelve years. Every outfit consists of at least three or four pairs of panties or bloomers, three slips, three nightgowns or pajamas, two cotton dresses, one woolen dress or skirt and knitted sweater, cap, scarf, mittens. But each center has the privilege of adding whatever they like. Besides additional garments, one school put in a hairbrush and comb; another, toothbrush and toothpaste, another an album about their school, another a pocketbook with a "lucky penny" in it. Altogether, forty-seven outfits were made.

Money for materials was made in various ways—by salvaging hangers and fruit baskets,



Highland Park, Texas, members making knitting needles from dowel pins

selling gingerbread, jam or candies. In some cases teachers or students gave the material. The complete outfits were kept within a limited budget.

HOT PAD LIFTERS and washcloths are being woven by members of the Robert Morris School in Elizabeth, N. J., for visiting nurses.

## Time Now for Gift Boxes

(Continued from page 17)

Islands, the Philippines, Greenland, Japan, China, Alaska, Samoa.

This year, 100,000 boxes are being ordered so that more American Junior Red Cross members may have the pleasure of filling them. Anyone who has helped with them will tell you it is fun.

Members in a four-room school in Santa Paula, California, have a fine time making up those they send. They are first and second graders, and mostly the children of Mexican parents and they haven't very much money to spend. So they take only a few boxes. When they enrolled in the Junior Red Cross, a second-grader, speaking in Spanish, explained the meaning of membership to those who did not yet understand English. When they learned about the gift boxes, the extra pennies came in to the amount of \$1.85. The children chose their own representatives to buy the things for the boxes. The treasurers who had been chosen gave them the money. A wrapping committee was formed, and each gift was carefully wrapped in white paper. When the boxes were all packed to the last inch, there was a jumping rope left over. The

teacher thought the girls in the school might use it. But no indeed, the girls voted that it should be kept as a beginning on the next year's boxes.

Like almost all other members, those Santa Paula children understood the importance of sending only new, clean articles made in America. For wherever they go, these gift boxes represent the American Junior Red Cross and the United States. How insulting to the receiver in another country if in any single box there had been something torn or soiled or worn! Yet it has happened that some articles of this kind have found their way into the boxes in the past. We certainly hope that nobody will put the American Junior Red Cross to shame this way again.

September is the month to get your boxes ready. Shipping costs are paid with money from the National Children's Fund, so be sure to keep that in mind when you are gathering your Service Fund. Find out from the Junior leader in your Red Cross Chapter what you should put into the boxes, and how to get them started on their journey to take the friendly greetings of the American Junior Red Cross to children far away.

# The Fiesta of the Corn

Delia Goetz

Pictures by Charlotte Anna Chase



Carefully, Panchita placed dots of blue corn here and there

**D**UM, DUM, DUM. Since early morning the drums had sounded in the square in front of the cream-colored church in the little village. Now and then there was a loud swish as a rocket was sent skyward.

Panchita sat in the doorway waiting impatiently for the others to start for the fiesta of the corn. She wore her new red blouse with the yellow ducks and white rabbits woven in it. Her bright red belt was pulled tight to hold the blue and white skirt that wrapped around her, leaving just enough room to walk. Her little fat, brown feet peeped out below the long skirt.

Already many people had climbed the steep path that led out of the ravine on their way to church.

Never had she known Mama-cita to take so long to put tortillas and chili in a basket. "Why does everyone move so slowly this morning?" Panchita wondered.

"Come and help me gather the rose petals," her grandmother called to her. "Then we will be ready to go."

Panchita ran to help fill the little bag to take to church. They pulled petals from the pink roses and stuffed them in the bag. "Why is it we take the petals to church with the corn?" asked Panchita.

"Who can say?" her grandmother answered, looking across the valley to the volcanoes. "Always the people in this village have taken them, long before even my grandmother was a girl."

"Ever since the volcanoes have been there?" asked Panchita.

But Grandmother only shook her head. "Who can say?" she said.

"Are we all ready?" called Papa-cito as he came around the house carrying four little bags of corn.

"May I carry the bag with the blue corn?" asked Panchita.

"Carry it carefully," warned Papa-cito, as he handed the little bag to her. She knew he remembered that last year she had spilled her bag of corn in the church. A whole year had passed, but still her cheeks burned when she remem-

bered how the dry kernels had clattered on the stone floor in the quiet church.

In a bright little row they followed the crooked street to the church. Papa-cito walked ahead carrying the corn, a long blue belt wound around his waist, the ends dangling far down his legs. Mama-cita's dress was just like Panchita's and both of them were like Grandmother's. Mama-cita carried the basket of lunch on her head. Long white candles to burn in the church stuck out from the top of the basket. Grandmother carried the bag of petals. Chico and Chucho did not carry anything and they could not pray, but they went along just the same.

Dum, dum, dum. The sound of the drums grew louder as they neared the plaza. Chico and Chucho ran on ahead to sniff at the food cooking over the little charcoal fires near the church steps. Panchita would have liked to follow the dogs, but she remembered to walk carefully so as not to spill the lovely blue kernels. The church steps were bright with people in many colored dresses, carrying corn and candles and little bags of petals. Inside the church the light was dim and blue smoke from many candles hung in the air.

Papa-cito threaded his way around the groups of kneeling people to find a vacant spot on which to spread the corn. The others followed, and Panchita held tightly to the bag in her hand. Near the center of the church they knelt down on the stone floor and put their bags before them. Papa-cito handed a bag of corn to Mama-cita and opened the other two. Quickly they arranged the seed, embroidering the worn



stone floor with a design of red and yellow and white corn.

Carefully Panchita opened her bag and, without spilling a kernel, placed dots of blue here and there in the design. Then Grandmother scattered the petals over the corn. Papa-cito lighted the candles and tipped them to let a little wax drip on the floor to hold them firmly. Bowing their heads, they prayed for rain and a good harvest.

"It is a long prayer today," thought Panchita after a while. She raised her eyes and looked about. Candles flickered on the rose petals and brightened the patterns of the corn. Now and then a dog stuck his head in at the open doorway, but the little boy standing near chased him away.

Panchita's eyes wandered on about the dim church. Then they flew open very wide. "Mama-cita," she whispered. "Mama-cita, see," she repeated, plucking at Mama-cita's sleeve. "The Virgin! She wears a dress like the doll in the store window. And her hair is the same color!" In her excitement she said the last few words aloud.

Her mother shook her head. Grandmother was frowning and Papa-cito looked up from his prayers. Panchita bowed her head low over her folded hands and tried to make herself very small behind a candle. What if she had ruined the prayers and there would be no rain? What if the seed would not grow? She did not raise her eyes until Papa-cito began to gather the corn. Quickly she helped him scoop the kernels, breaking up the designs. Mama-

cita blew out the candles and put them in the lunch basket.

Grandmother left the petals

strewn like a bright rug on the floor.

Then they came out of the dark church into the dazzling sunlight. Many friends greeted Papa-cito and Mama-cita. Even Grandmother said nothing about Panchita's talking in church. The little square was surrounded with booths bright with streamers of blue and white and red paper. Bright pink candies and colored fruit juice in big jars were for sale. Women squatted before charcoal fires frying tortillas in fat to make them crisp. Standing on the church steps, Panchita searched for one special booth.

Whenever there was a fiesta, old Pancho came with the toy animals he had made. There were fat little pigs with stubby noses, tiny squirrels with bushy tails. But Panchita liked best of all the family of turtles. There were two large turtles—the papa and mama, she thought. Then in a row back of them were seven little turtles, each one smaller than the one ahead. They were green with yellow dots. The one at the very end wasn't as large as the tip of Panchita's little finger. A row of solemn-looking green frogs sat near the turtles. And near the frogs two little brown and yellow owls stared out at her.

At every fiesta Pancho watched for Panchita. And when she came trotting up to his stall, as she always did, he shook hands with her the way grown-up people greeted each other. Always, before she left, he would rustle around back in the stall and bring out some little animal he had made for her.

"And how is my little friend who has my name?" he asked today, smiling. Panchita smiled broadly as she stuck her plump little hand in his.

"Very well, thank you, Pancho," she answered politely.

"Playing with these worthless dogs as always," he chuckled. Pancho liked to tease Panchita about the dogs. But he always stooped to pet them just the same.

"Oh, no, Pancho," she said quickly. "Now I work. I am making pottery. By the next market day, perhaps I shall take it to the City." She spoke very fast because she had been so anxious to tell him.

Pancho opened his big eyes very wide. He held up his fat pudgy hands and he opened his mouth but for the first time since Panchita knew him, no words came. Then at last he blew a low whistle and dropped his hands.

"Surely not making pottery! No, no, my little friend. Not pottery for the city market! It is a joke you would play on me, your old friend. Perhaps a dish or two for your worthless dogs."

Panchita stood by, enjoying his surprise. Then it was her turn to be surprised. For Pancho picked up the mama turtle and the papa turtle and every one of the little turtles, even the tiniest baby one, at the end, and put them in her hand. Panchita opened her eyes very wide. She opened her mouth wide, too, to say, "But Pancho!" and because she was so very surprised, she even forgot to close it again. Pancho was a very wise man and knew that she meant many thousand thank-yous.

Panchita ran across the square where the others waited for her to eat lunch.

"See, see what Pancho gave me!" she cried. "The whole family of turtles."

One at a time Grandmother and Mama-cita and Papa-cito picked up the turtles and examined them. "Pancho



Then it was her turn to be surprised

always could make fine pottery," said Grandmother.

Panchita sat down and put the turtles in her lap. Then Mama-cita opened the lunch basket and gave each one a tortilla and set the bowl of chili on the ground. They made little scoops of their tortillas and dipped up the chili. When they had finished, Papa-cito took out a little bag of toasted pumpkin seeds, and for a long time they sat and crunched the crisp delicious seeds while the band played in the park.

The sun was warm, and when the band played soft music they nodded for a little while. But at last the sun began to slip down behind the volcanoes and it was time to go home. Firecrackers were bursting all around the village. Sometimes a rocket shot into the air and bright sparks fell all around. Panchita carried her turtle family carefully in her hand. She was very happy as they followed the crooked street that led to the little pink house with the white freckles.

It was time to go to bed. The goats were already asleep and old Bravo, the gobbler, was resting with his head tucked under his great wing. They unrolled the mats and spread them on the floor. But before Panchita lay down she put the turtle family down beside her—one back of the other, with the tiny one nearest her.

Tomorrow Papa-cito would take his pointed stick and the bright-colored corn and go to the field. Panchita would climb with him up the rows that marched up and up and up. . . . But she never got to the top, for she was already sound asleep.

—From "Panchita, A Little Girl of Guatemala," copyright, 1941, by Delia Goetz. Reprinted by permission of Harcourt Brace and Company, Inc.

## Marshmallow Cake

NONA KEEN DUFFY

Here are two eggs,  
And I'm going to make  
A gallumptious thing—  
It's a marshmallow cake!

Butter and sugar  
I'll cream if I can;  
I'll break both the eggs  
On the edge of the pan.

This I shall stir  
Around and around—  
What an exciting  
Gallumpty sound!

Put in some milk  
And flour; then beat.  
Bake it in layers  
With moderate heat.

Melt up some marshmallows  
All in a puff;  
Spread it on thickly—  
What marvelous stuff!

*Merci pour le lait!* les petits enfants de Paris, à leurs amis américains

During the first days of the invasion of France, over a year ago, food was needed by many children. Thanks to the National Children's Fund of the American Junior Red Cross, \$25,000 worth of canned milk and other foods was sent right away. Many of the little French children, like the ones at right drinking the milk, made up thank-you sentences which their teachers wrote down: "Long live America and its good milk . . . I am going to put our flags together because you are our good friends, and it is good, your milk! . . . Thank you for the sweet warm milk I drink every day at four o'clock; I like to drink it, so I will grow big . . . I don't like squash at all, but how I love American milk."



Two American Red Cross cargoes of milk, flour, vitamins and clothes sent over since the beginning of the war have been distributed throughout unoccupied France, where there is great need; where, in spite of the 42,000 layettes given out by the American Red Cross, many babies have no clothes; where the sacks, in which American flour came, are being turned into garments, and even the thread saved, just as they are in China.

But the French Junior Red Cross in Free France, realizing that their needs are less than those of their schoolmates in the occupied zones, have thought of a way of helping. Albums are to be made by the school children in the occupied areas which will tell in words and drawings (as in the sample page at left) just what and how desperate are their needs. The French Junior Red Cross members who receive the albums hope to bring whatever help they can to their comrades.

